DAKIN, DANIEL, age 22, New-London. DELYATRIE, Edward, age 19, N DEMPSEY, JOHN, age 18, No. 103 President-st. DENACH, WILLIAM. DIETZ, ABRAHAM, age 18, No. 394 Keut-ave. DIVINE, THOMAS, age 25, son of Mrs. James Divine of

East Now-York. DOLNON, WILLIAM, age 18, No. 229 Navy-st. DONER, RUGH, age 33, No. 117 Tillary-st.
DOODEY, EDWARD, age 13, No. 102 President-st.
DOONAN, JAMES, age 16, Kent and Wilsonghby-aves.
DOONER, JAMES, age 20, Willengbby-ave. and Canton-s DOUGHTERY, ANN JANE, age 38, Elm-st. DOUGHTERY, SAMUEL, age 13, Elm-st. DUNLAP, CHARLES, ago 20, at Eighty-first-st. and PADEN, MATTHEW, age 21, No. 209 Jay-st.

PARRELL OEORGE, age 17, No. 145 Myrtle ave. PITZGERALD, GEORGE, age 15, No. 70 High st. FOLEY, CORNELIUS, age 18, No. 151 Degraws. FORSKEIN, ABRAHAM, age 19, No. 1,076 FROIDENAUX, ROSENA, age 15, No. 257 Columbia-st. FRY, THOMAS, No. 208 Skillman-st. GILES, JOHN, age 23, Woodbury, L. I. GOODWIN, JAMES, age 22, No. 495 Court st. GOSSERT, CHARLES, age 19, No. 98 Livingston st. GREEN, FRANK, age 18, No. 1,029 Lafayette ave. GREIG, JOHN, age 21, No. 251 Van Brunt-st. GUNN, JOHN, age 28, No. 246 Adams-st. HAEURACH, DORA, age 2, Fulton and Nassan-sts. HAMILTON, DELIA, age 20, No. 168 Pinc-st., New-York. HAMPSON, F., No. 461 Dean-st. HAMPSON, Mrs. F., No. 461 Dean-st. HAMP-ON, EUNICE, ago 30, No. 461 Dean st. HAND, STEWART, age 20. State and Smith-sts. HARRISON, CHARLES, age 14, No. 340 Bridge st. HARTMAN, WILLIAM, age 22, No. 2 Myrtle avo. HAWKINS, SAMUEL, age 21, No. 81 Pr HECHT, JAMES, age 18, No. 431 Pulaski st. HICKEY, JOHN. ago 23, No. 105 Fulton-st. HURLE, FREDERICK, age 22, Livingston-at. JACKSON, CHARLES, age 13, No. 53 Hicks-at. JACKSON, GEO. W., age 18, No. 56 Hicks st. JACKSON, ROSE, age 35, No. 445 Atlantic ave. JENNINGS, JOHN W., age 18, No. 47 Concordst. JONES, HENNY H., age 17, No. 154 Summit at. KEENAN, JOHN, age 28, Marcy ave, and Van Buren.st. KENNEDY, JOHN, age 18, No. 81 Gold-st. KERRIGAN, JAMES, age 22, No. 341 Water-st., N. Y. KIELEY, NICHOLAS, age 22, brother of Father Kieley.

KURTZ, GEORGE W., age 20, butcher, Myrtle-ave, and Co-LAMB, LAWRENCE, age 21, No. 211 Plymouth-st. LAMB, THOMAS, No. 211 Plymonth-st. LANGTON, JAMES, age 19, No. 68 State-st. LEEK, CHRISTOPHER, age 42, Eighty-first-st. and

KOMECKE, OTTO, age 23, No. 182 Atlantic-ave. KEAFT, HENRY, age 18, Borrum-st. KURTZ, ABRAM, age 22, No. 222 Myrtle ave.

Boulevard, New-York.
LEISTER, 18AAC, age 19, No. 362 Atlantic-ave. LEVERICH, CALER J., age 35, No. 195 Clermontave. LEYDEN, JAMES, age 25, No. 198 Statest. LOGAN, GEORGE, age 18, No. 99 Amily-st. LENNON, JAMES, No. 194 John-st. LOGAN, JOHN, age 18, No. 190 Amity st. LOONEY, JOSEPH, No. 242 Conever st. LORTIMER. GEORGE, age 21, Pearl and Concord-sts. LOTT, GEORGE, age 72, No. 464 Sackett-st. LOTT, CHARLES, age 50, No. 464 Sackett-st. LOUGHLIN, JOHN, age 2), No. 244 Bridge at. LOWENTHAL ABRAM, age 18, No. 203 Fulton st. LOYTON, JAMES, Court-st. LUNT, CHARLES, age 18, No. 452 Hart-st. LUNT, JOSEPHINE, age 30, No. 452 Hart-st. LUYDGATE, MARGARET, age 48, 1,189 Atlantic-ave. MACKIN, DANIEL, age 19, No. 94 Hudsou-ave.

MARTIN, ANN, age 50, No. 37 Lawrence-at. MARTINS, Mra --- No. 45 Smith-st. MAYHAN, STEPHEN, age 47, No. 66 Prince-st. MCULENNAN, BARFILEN, age 17, No. 99 Fineste, N. Y.
MCULENNAN, MARY ANN, age 19, No. 168 Pineste, N. Y.
MCULENNAN, EDWARD, age 22, No. 168 Pineste, N. Y.
MCULENNAN, JANE, age 55, No. 168 Pineste, N. Y. McCULLOUGH, ANGUS, age 26, No. 204 Pacific st. McCULLOUGH, JOHN, age 22, No. 204 Pacific st. McEWEN, PATRICK, Officer of the Sanitary Squad. McGINNIS, JOHN, age 30, No. 38 Little Water at McGINNIS, J-filN, age 35, No. 11 Evans-at MCGUIGAN, JAMES, Red Hook.

Molean, Jakes, age 20, No. 16 Myrtle ave. McLellan, age 20, Pearl and Pine sta, New York; also McLOUGHLIN, GEORGE, age 23, No. 229 Fifteenth-st. MCMEIL, JAMES, age 20, No. 160 Myrth-ave. MEEHAN, JOHN, ago 70, No. 76 Lalayetto-st. COWNERRY, JOHN, age 25, No. 285 Centre-st. MULVANEY, MARY, ago 1s, No. 11 Little Water-st. MURDOCH, H. S., actor, age 28 No. 53 Concord-st. O'BRIEN, HUGH, No. 153 Concord-st. OFFERMAN, WM., age 18, No. 361 Fulton-at. O'NEIL, JOSEPH, Myrtle ave. O'NEIL, Mrs. JOSEPH, Myrtie ave.

OTIS, CHARLES, No. 180 Clinton-st.

OTIS, CHARLES K., Henry st.

PARBEL, LENA, age 16, Fulton and Nassau-sta. PICKFORD, FRANK, age 18, Patchen-ave. PIERCE, Mrs. H., age 44, Duffield st.
POLLARD, JOHN, age 18, Flushing and Grand aves.
POLLARD, WILLIAM, age 19, Flushing and Grand aves.
QUICK, ELIAS B., age 20, No. 20 Sixth-st. REDBY, JOHN, age 22, Walworth-at REUSH, —, No. 88 Nelson st. ROBINSON, THOMAS, age 19, No. 25 Willoughby-st. ROME. CHARLES, age 49, No. 19 Prince at, ROSE, DONALD, age 15, No. 204 Pacificat, ROSELLE, Mr. age 22, No. 62 Palton-st. ROSSELL, ANTONIO, age 24, Ricks and Pulton-sts. ROTHWELL, Mrs. SHEPHERD, No. 1.191 Atlantic ave

SHERMAT, Mr., and wife. SMIRTZ, CHARLES, age 18, No. 289 Court st. SMIRTZ, CHARLES, age 18, No. 289 Court at.
SMIRTZ, HENRY, age 15, No. 289 Court at.
SOULTS, CHARLES, age 18, No. 280 Court at.
SOUMON, DEBORAH, age 20, No. 103 Hoeram-place,
SOLOMON, LENA, age 22, No. 103 Hoeram-place,
SOLOMON, MARY, age 23, No. 103 Hoeram-place,
SOLOMON, MARY, age 23, No. 103 Hoeram-place, SOLOMON, MORRIS, age 47, No. 103 Boerom-pla SOLOMON, MORRIS, age 27, No. 103 Boerum-place. STELL, DANIEL, age 19, Ninth-st. STELL, DANIEL, age 19, Night 81.
STENSON, THOM 38, No. 1.191 Dean-41.
STEPHOUSER, ABRAM, age 20, No. 40 Flatbush ave.
STEPHENS, GEO., age 15, No. 214 Jay-81.
STEVENS, GEORGE, age 15, No. 214 Jay-81. STILL, DANIEL, age 19, No. 33 Ninth-st. STYLES, CHARLES II., age 18, No. 251 Putnam-ava. TRACEY, JOHN, age 17, No. 242 Wyckoff at. TRAINOR, MICHAEL, 13, Underhill ave. and Pacific st. TREEDON, HENRY, age 23, No. 112 Myrtle ave. TRENING, ANNIE, age 17, No. 54 Court st.

TURPINGTON, WM., age 18, Fourteenth-st, and Pritb-ave VALDEZ, ..., age 18, No. 62 Pulton-st. VALDEZ, JOSE M., age 22, No. 89 Pulton-st. VETTH. CHRISTIAN, age 27, No. 361 Fulton-st. WAKEMAN, EVERETT, age 16, No. 14 Willard-st. WHEEDEN, HARRY, age 23, No. 112 Myrtle ave. WHEEDEN, HENRY, age 25, No. 112 Myrtle ave. WOOD, JOHN, age 23, No. 101 Fleet-st. WRAL, CHARLES, age 49, No. 191 Prince at. WRAL, CHARLES, jr., age 18, No. 191 Princest. ZIEGLEB, JOSEPH, age 20, No. 296 Atlanticave.

FATE OF TWO ACTORS. THE DEATH OF CLAUDE BURROUGHS AND H. S. MURDOCH.

From the fact that the fire originated on the stage It might have been thought that the los of life among the members of the theatrical company would have been great. Such was not the case, however; only two lives were lost-those of Claude Barrough and Henry S. Murdoch. They played respectively the parts of Pierre, the cripple, and Picard, valet to the Chevaiier. At the moment that the fire was discovered Mr. Murdoch was on the stage with Miss Claxton, and Mr. Burroughs was waiting for his

ene to go on.

When the alarm was given, both Mr. Murdoch and Mr. Burroughs ran to their respective dressing-rooms to get clothes to wear in the street, their garments being very scanty in the play. Their dressing-rooms were on the same side of the stage and the right wing, as viewed from the auditorium, and consequently furthest from the stage door, even had that means of departure not been locked. The dressingrooms were arranged in tiers, approached by a name row stairway, which was continued until it reached the painter's bridge, which spans the stage near the top of the building. Mr. Murrinch's room was on the second tier and the one occupied by Mr. Burroughs's was on the third, directly over that occupied by Mr. Murdoch. It is known that both of the gentlemen rushed for their dressing-rooms and gathered up their clothing, and they were seen making an effort to descend together. It had been only the work of a moment to accomplish this, but before they could descend the fire had wrapped the staircase in a sheet of flame. All chance of retreat cut off, the unfortunate men were driven back step by step until, driven to desperation, they ascended to the trembling bridge, hoping that some last chance of escape might offer in a descent from the other side. But there was none. Once on the bridge their position was hopeless. Here they were last seen by J. B. Studley, a member of the company, who was able to make his escape. It is stated that Miss Claxton caught Mr. Murdoch by the wrist and urged him to escape and save his life, but he said no, that he wanted to go up to his dressing-room and timbers of one of the dressing-rooms, near the allev,

get his coat. A number of their friends in their proon were on the ground early yesterday morning, making inquiries for them, and more than one expressed great sorrow for their fate. They were universal favorites with their fellow-actors and with all who knew them.

Mr. Murdoch had been only a short time before the New-York public. He was about 34 years of age, and a nephew of James E. Murdoch, the light comedian. He first appeared in Philadelphia when he was about 16 years old as a general utility man. From there he went to Boston, and thence to the National Theater in Washington, where he sustained invenile characters during the sensons of 1866-7 and 1867-8. He then acted in Brooklyn, Philadelphia, and Boston, appearing in the latter city first at the Boston Theater, and afterward at the Globe, sustaining the leading male characters. He appeared in New-York last Fall in the character of Sandy Morton, in Bret Harte's play of "The Two Men of Sandy Bar." He was a very pleasant and

genial man, and unmarried. Mr. Burroughs had been well known to the theater-going public of New-York and Brooklyn for a number of years, and was an intelligent, careful, and ambitious young actor. Nearly ten years ago he was light comedian at the Brooklyn Theater under Mrs. Conway's management. He had been connected with the company at the Union Square Theater since its opening under the management of Messrs. Shook and Palmer. He played one of the reporters in " Agnes," the first piece which was produced there, and has been cast in almost every play which has been acted there since. The few occasions when he has not been employed there he has been engaged at the Brocklyn Theater. He played the fop in a number of pieces, among them John Brougham's "Atherly "Jane Eyre," "Led Astray," Maxime in Court." Ferreol," and other characters of the same stamp. One of his best representations was that Talbot Champaeys in "Our Boys." Mr. Burroughs was an enthusiast in his profession and a careful student, and since he joined the Union Square Theater has risen rapidly in the estimation of the public, with whom he has always been a favorite. He was to have been married soon to a young lady in this city. His father and mother reside at Larchmont Manor.

A few minutes before midnight the workmen engaged in scarching in the rulus near the dressingrooms found the bodies of both Murdoch and Burroughs.

SEARCHING FOR THE DEAD.

THE HORRIBLE DEVELOPMENTS AFTER FADING THE FIRST BODY-THE VICTIMS FOUND IN HEAPS, THE POSITIONS SHOWING THE AGONY OF THEIR LAST MOMENTS.

Early yesterday morning, when the fire had been so far subdued that firemen were able to enter the vestibule of the Brooklyn Theater, the body of a well-dressed lady was found near the box-office. was standing, reclining against the wall, as if the unfortunate victim had there been overcome with smake while pressing toward the outer door. The body was removed to the Morgue, and careful search was made for others who might have shared a similar fate. Up to this time it was not known that any had perished in the burning building, and few persons had called at the police stations to inquire for missing friends.

It was not long before a ghastly heap of corpse was discovered in the cellar, underneath the vestibula, and the work of exhumation was begun and continued without intermission throughout the day and evening. The news that there had been a heavy loss of life spread rapidly through the city, and every undertaker in Brooklyn sent wagons and assistants to aid in removing the dead. Boxes were passed down through the floor, the bedies were placed in them as fast as they could be taken from the heap, a blanket was thrown over each, the box was carefully raised to the sidewalk, placed in a wagon, and driven away.

Soon after the work of removal begun a TRIBUNI reporter entered the theater by the private stairway, and passing through the treasurer's room, looked from a window down upon the mass of vicims. The window was directly at the head of the stairway, down which the occupants of the family circle would have passed if they had been able to each it. The stairs were charred and weakened, ont had not fallen; all the flooring of the vestibule of the three stories was gone, together with all the interior of the auditorium. There were three doors leading from the family circle to the vestibule, but only one stairway leading from it to the street; this was less than seven feet in width, and had a sharp curve at the foot of the first flight. All the occupants of the the upper gallery seem to have reached ed foward the stairs, down which a few-it is not known how many-escape The clouds of smoke pouring from the stage either inflocated the rest so that they were unable to struggle toward the open air, or the narrow door way became blocked so that they were unable to escape. Whatever may have been the cause, a large proportion of those on that floor were in the vesti onle when it gave way, and all were burled in a commingled mass into the cellar beneath, where they were soon covered with burning timbers, and burned and charred or blackened with smoke beyond all semblance to humanity.

It was for a long time supposed that the occupant of the upper gallery were the only victims, and that all in the second gallery or dress circle were saved There is no evidence of this beyond the fact that the exit from the second gallery was wider, and that es cape theree was easier. Among the missing are many who would not have been likely to take seats in the upper gallery; and rich jewelry, opera-glasses, kid gloves, &c., found on many of the bodies, are indications that they were in more expensive part of the house If the people in the two galleries shared a common fate, their number cannot be estimated ever approximately; it will be known only when, one by ne, the poor mutilated bodies have been taken from their pyre, and the horrible aggregate computed with certainty. From whichever gallery they came, they were precipitated upon nearly the same spot and lay as they fell, the entire pile covering an area of 15 by 35 feet. Evidently the flooring of the vestibule, at the end nearest the stairway, had given way when all were standing upon it, or after it fell those in the rear were pushed or pressed forward into the fibyss.

Looking down from above the sight was horrible beyond description. Men, women, and children were packed together as closely as possible, their clothing burned from the bodies, and in many instances the flesh from the bones; the timbs distorted with agony or bent out of shape by the positions in which they fell; the faces shockingly burned and blackened; and in between the bodies and covering the whole, piles of einders and still smoking tim-Strong men looking on turned pale and faint, and those who were compelled to perform the task of removing the bodies had a look of horror on their faces, and spoke the few words which were necessary to be spoken with bated breath. Hour after hour the work progressed, and every new horror gave fresh evidence of the extent of the calamity which had fallen upon Brooklyn. At first the number of killed was estimated at 35, then at 50, then at 150; and then all waited until the whole truth should be koown, venturing no further conjectures. As body after body was extricated from the seething mass, others were found buried beneath, and the sad work continued, the end to be known only when the ruins of the theater have been carefully examined in detail.

Three additional bodies were recovered during the evening. Two of these were found in the cellar, underneath the corridor, and were evidently the remains of boys who were in the gallery. Further search in the debris under the corridor resulted in the finding of no more bodies in that part of the building, and about 10 o'clock the men were relieved. A fresh force of men was set to work in the vicinity of the stage and at the side of the main auditorium toward Flood's-alley, with the purpose of discovering the bodies of Murdoch and Burroughs, the two missing actors. In removing the falling

a part of a human body and a thigh were found, charred beyond hope of recognition.

REMOVING THE CORPSES. ALL THE UNDERTAKERS' WAGONS IN BROOKLYN INADEQUATE FOR CARRYING THEM AWAY PROMPILY-EXCITED CROWDS THRONGING TO THE SCENE-THE GHASTLY BURDENS OF THE WAGONS. A dense crowd filled the streets in the vicinity of

the place of the disaster at an early hour yesterday

morning. A cordon of police was formed across Washington-st. near its junction with Fulton-ave., and at its intersection with Johnson-st., but outside of this line the multitude pressed closely one upon another, striving to catch a glimpse of the ruins and of the work which was in progress. Similar throngs filled all the streets through which the vehicles containing the remains were driven. The crowd was so great that it was almost an impossibility for those who were permitted to enter the lines to make their way through it. All classes of people composed the assemblage-women and children, as well as men-all drawn to the spot by an excitement which leveled all distinctions of age or sex. The determination on the part of the people to see all that was possible led them to resort to all sorts of subterfuges to gain admission within the limits, and only the excellent police arrangements kept them from encroaching upon the scene of the disaster and interfering with those engaged in the labor of removing the bodies. A gentleman who with several companions was held fast in the midst of the surging crowd, powerless to move hand or foot, said: "We are in much the same position as the poor wretches who perished last night. Only think how they must have felt, knowing the flames were close behind them, while they were helplessly involved in the mad rush for the stairway." This suggestion was so shocking as to cause his hearers to shudder involuntarily. The assemblage generally seemed to realiza the greatness of the calamity, and a hush unusual in such a large gathering held possession of the people which was only broken by a low murmur as the wagons with their loads passed through on their way to the Morgue. Most of the buildings opposite to the theater run through from street to street, and the windows of all of them were crowded with spectators, principally women. It became necessary to station officers at the Washington-st. entrance of each store to prevent the rush of people through them upon the scene. One or two of the buildings having low roofs which commanded a view of the scene were also occupied by the anxious erowal.

The appearance of the front of the theater was much as usual, except that the glass windows in the lower were broken and the doors were much shattered. Dieter's restaurant was not materially injured and was open. The people who were allowed to pass within the line were gathered in groups about the enfrance to the theater through which the bodies were brought out. A temperary wooden inclined plane was built from the borrible pit in which most of the bodies were found, and along this they were carried in boxes covered with blankets. They were then placed in the undertakers' wagons which were in waiting to carry them to the Mergue. The wagons of all the undertakers in Brooklyn were in use and were drawn up in line along the edge of the sidewalk. One after another of them was backed up to the theater door to receive the boxes containing the dead. At intervals of a few minutes several men would emerge from the door carrying a coffin-shaped, leaden-hued box, covered with a blanket to conceal the ghastly spectacle presented by the charred and blackener corpses. The blanket outlined the deformed and shapeless mass. A hand or a foot protruded above the box, and in some cases the bodies were stiffened in almost a sitting posture, and as the wagons were driven rapidly up the their heads nodded to and fro beneath the blankets, or the protruding limbs quivered horribly. The sight caused many strong men to turn away from the spot with tearful eyes.

The First Precinct Station-house was filled with on anxious crowd of persons inquiring as to the fate of friends, and with officers, reporters, and those engaged in the sad task of removing the dead. Be hind the desk was a large pile of overcoats, hats, and clothing of various kinds, picked up by officers about the scene of the disaster.

All day long the work went steadily on, and as the number of the dead increased far beyond what the wildest rumors had stated it, the excitement deepened, and an anxious and heartsick expression settled on the faces of those whose and duty it was to assist in the recovery of the bodies. The ambulances and the wagons of all the undertakers in the city proved inadequate to the task of carrying away the remains, and large charred and burned beyond semblance of a human two-herse trucks were sent for on which four coffins being, and one of her hards was reduced to charged. could be placed at once. These hastened the work, and the stream of vehicles carrying away the dead and returning with the emptied coffins became con The anxions inquiry, "Are there many more?" was met by those engaged in the work with a dubious shake of the head, and they replied, "As fast as we remove one tier of bodies oth is appear below them, and it is impossible to tell how many nore may remain in that dreatful place."

Meantime the crowds in the streets were continu ally augmented by men returning from business in New-York, and toward 5 o'clock movement became difficult in any of the streets leading to the scene of the configration. As the magnitude of the calmuity secame known, it seemed to east a pall over the city, and men spoke in whispers. A young man who was detected picking pockets met with rough usage at the hands of his captors, and the excited celing was displayed in the frequent suggestion which were made to lynch the wretch who would ply his nefations work at such a time and place. He was searched, and found to have a considerable variety of articles upon him, and then locked up in he First Precinct Station-house.

The only body which was not sent to the Morene of the Adams Street Market was that of Officer Patrick McEwen of the Central Office Squad, who was or duty in the gallery of the theater. He was bornes eyond recognition but the body was identified by as club, and it was taken into the First Precinct Police Station and placed in the yard. Police Inspector George A. Waddy, who was on duty at the theater yesterday, said to a reporter: "We began work about half-past three this morning, and the first body that we discovered was that of a woman who had caught on a projecting portion of the burned flooring and was still hanging with a death grip. Judging from the positions of the bodies I think they were precipitated into the cellar head first, most of them are found head downward. They lie in the pit in rows in that position. I think many of the people must have been suffocated before the flooring gave way, as it only takes a very little hot smoke to asphyxiate a person. At any rate, I think we should hope they were, as it would have saved them much suffering."

THE BODIES AT THE MORGUE.

SCENES ATTENDING THE ATTEMPTS TO RECOGNIZE THE REMAINS-A CROWD OF ANXIOUS AND CU-RIOUS SPECTATORS.

The scene at the Brooklyn Morgue at Willoughby and Canton-sts., yesterday, was awful almost beyand description. The dead wagons kept driving up and depositing their loads until over 75 charred bodies had been received and it was announced that the place was full and could contain no more. The police, under Sergeant Brennau of the Fifth and Sergeant Corr of the Fourth Precinct, were posted at the front and rear doors and throughout the building. Then the waiting crowd, that had swelled until the entire street was blocked up, was allowed to pass through the rooms, and view the corpses stretched upon the floors, for the purpose of identification. All through the day the crowd moved through this building in an endless stream. Nevertheless, through the efficient police management, and the courtesy of the keeper of the Morgue, Patrick Maguire, there was no confusion, and ample time was given to enable the friends to make thorough examinations of the clothing and ornaments found upon the remains, so that a large number were identified. Many persons brought pieces of the garments of their

missing relatives by which to identify the bodies. The authorities would allow no bodies to be touched, even by relatives; nothing was taken from the peckets of the dead. Nothing was to be seen on the floor but binck and distorted corpses, resembling figures cut from coal more than the bodies of what were once human beirgs. Most of the dead were men, there being only five or six women. The only way of recognizing most of the bodies was by jewelry, the clothing being burnt so that the color could not be ascertained. One man was identified by his watch and chain, another by a gold neck

stud, &c. One of the first that was positively identified was P. H. Geary, 19 years of age, of No. 104 President-st. He wore upon his left breast a fine gold badge of membership of the 69th Regiment of New-York. This, however, was the only mark upon the remains that could have led to their identification. Every part of his body was burned to a crisp and his hair was singed off close to his head. His clothing was burned and torn and his limbs were man-

gled by the falling bricks and mortar. As one of the dead wagons, filled with the bodies of the victims, was driven up to the Morgue, one of the bodies immediately was recognized as that of Nicholas Kieley of Red Hook, N. J. He was only 20 years of age, and was a brother of Father Kieley, a well-known Brooklyn priest. The young man was on a visit to his brother, it was said, and decided to visit the Brooklyn Theater to see the "Two Orphans." Several saw him after the cry of fire had been raised in the theater, and it was believed that he had saved himself by early flight. It proved, however, that he became entangled in the panic-One of the bodies that was nearly burned beyond

all resemblance of humanity was at length identi-

fied as that of John Turner of No. 126 Jay-st. Turner was a butcher, and the only support of a family of seven persons. In his pockets was found \$148, which was handed over to Coroner Sims. J. P. Mc-Kinney of No. 67 Jay-st. and two young ladies came to the Morgue and identified Turner. Me-Kinney was in the gallery in company with Turner and John Boyle when the theater took fire. He said: "The first that I heard of any trouble was a confused noise in the rear of the gallery near the doors. I was sitting in the front row and my whole attention was absorbed by the play. fore I could see any fire I heard somebody say, 'the theater is on fire. Look out for yourselves.' A moment afterward another person cried, 'Shut up; there is no fire,' Everybody in the gallery had risen and was rushing for doors in a solid mass. The panic was so great that men caught hold of those nearest them and stripped their clothing from their backs. The pressure became so great that it did not seem as if there was any avenue of escape for us. Turner, Boyle and myself drew ourselves up the side of the gallery and at length succeeded in getting out into the passageway. As soon as I got into the crowd I did not need to use any exertion at all. I was berne along by the others who were pressing behind, and could not sheck my rapid descent, even after it became unpleasant. Boyle shouted, 'Where is Turner f' 'Oh, I am all right,' exclaimed Turner in reply, 'you go ahead and save yourselves. I am all right and will meet you outside.' In a moment Boyle leaped upon the railing and dropped into the well-hole beside the stairway. I was carried down stairs safely and out into the open air. I believed that Turner had saved himself, but had afterward become separated from us in the crowd after we got outside the theater. was very much surprised to learn that Furner had lost his life. He was a generous, large-hearted man, and must have gone back to attempt to save some unfortunate person who called to him for help. I cannot say whether the stairs fell in or not, I know that all in the gallery were not killed, for there were 50 or 60 who escaped at the same time that I dtd. A portion of those who were in the family cirele reached the street, but many were cut off from their means of exit by the crowd."

Many women whose daughters did not return to their homes as was expected on Tuesday night, visited the Morgne in the expectation that they might have gone to the Brooklyn Theater and been made victims of the disaster. Every female body was examined, but none answered the descriptions. and one after another hurried away to the in provised Morgue in Adams-st. Matilda Ward and her husband, a young couple, each 22 or 23 years of age, were both destroyed in the theater. They had occupied seats in the family circle and endeavored to escape with the crewd when the alarm of are was given. In attempting to save the life of his wife, the husband lost his life with her. The wife's body was taken to the Morgue, and late yesterday after noon was identified by her relatives by some peculiar ernaments found upon her person. Her face was

Richard Curran, 25 years of age, of No. 125 Jayst., was one of those who had gone early and secured a front seat in the gallery. His escape was completely cut off by the panic-stricken crowd, and at last he was seen to leap upon the railing and drop into the parquet. His father is a lighter man, and the son assisted him in that work. When the body of the son was identified it was seen that his legs were fractured. This probably was occasioned by his leap into the parquet. Then, being crippled by the

fall, he was unable to move. A medical gentleman stated that the position of nearly all the bodies indicated that a mighty struggle was going on when death overteek them. Arms were flexed and hands cleuched and in the act of pushing. Knees were bent and legs drawn up as though fighting off some advancing, overpowering foe. Whether this was caused by the pressure of the crowd or the falling debris or even the heat of the flames could not be told. It was the general opinion, nevertheless, that some portion of the building gave way, precipitating the crowd into the flames below. The rapid fall of the roof that followed buried those who escaped the other catas-

Among these who came to identify the bodies were nany colored people. The portion of the family circle set apart for colored persons had been filled, and from its situation few, if any, had been able to escape. It was very difficult to distinguish the remains of a white man from those of a colored person. The lips and hair, if any had been left, were about the only different features.

John Cozlett, 22 years of age, of No. 146 Prince st., also had been one of the occupants of the front row of the gallery on the night of the fire. He fell a victum to the fury of the flames and the panie, and his body was identified at the Morgue yesterday by a peculiar gold ring that was worn on his finger. His body was found in the heap with the others.

Many well-dressed gentlemen and ladies were seen among the crowd that poured in a never-ending stream through the Morgne from 10 a, m. until after 5 p. m., when it became too dark to longer identify any of the bodies. Among them were many who were looking for some trace of some of the members of the family of Morris Solomon of No. 103 Boerum-st. One gentleman, an intimate friend of that family, said that on Tuesday night Morris Solomon, his son Philip and his son's wife Lena, and his two daughters Mary and Deborah, went to the Brooklyn Theater together. They occupied seats in the family circle, and had considered themselves fortunate in securing a place well in front. No tidings had been received from any of this party, and it is feared that they all have perished. Mr. Solomon wore a peculiar double-breasted vest, and there were ornaments upon his person by which it is hoped that his body if found can be identified.

One of the visitors thought that he recognized one of the bodies by a key-stone found upon his watchchain, and believed that the remains were those of a cigar dealer named Stettmeyer. The friends will be informed of this fact, and further steps will be taken in the direction of identification to-day.

A young man named Dietz was identified by his sister and a friend, who, on discovering that it was the body they were in search of, were so overcome that it was all the authorities could do to keep them from falling on and embracing the corpse. The sister stood near it, crying and giving vent to such exclamations as, "Poor Abe! Oh! if mother can only stand this blow!"

The body of one young man was discovered by

his sister, who, casting one glance at what was left of his coat, gave a cry of "My Tom!" and fell fainting in the arms of her father and was carried insensible to the street. It was afterward found that this young man was the only support of his mother and sister, his father being a drunkard, who had not contributed toward supporting his family for two or three years. The boy held a good situation in some banking house in New-York, and was on the eve of promotion.

One man was identified as an employé of the Our Boys' Publishing Company by a certificate in his pocket. His wife identified him, and, falling on her knees, hugged and kissed his bruised and blackened limbs as though she would rather die than leave him.

One of the last to leave the Morgne was George Otis, who was in search of his brother Charles, who had been in business at No. 47 Exchange-place, New-York, who, when last seen alive, was starting for the theater.

THE IMPROVISED MORGUE IN ADAMS-ST. SCENES OF REPRESSED GRIEF-A GHASTLY ARRAY, HORRIFYING EVEN MEN ACCUSTOMED TO SUCH SPECTACLES.

At half-past 12 yesterday the Morgue was filled with the charred remains of the victims of the fire, and Inspector Waddy ordered the old Brooklyn Market, en Adams-st., near Myrtle-ave., to be used as a temporary morgue, and there the bodies were taken as fast as removed from the ruins of the theater. Coroner Simms assumed charge, and Capt. Campbell had command of a squad of police. The crowd about the door and for a block in each direction was dense but quiet and subdued. Within there was a strange quiet; not a loud tone was heard, and the order and system which pervaded the sad charnalhouse reflected the highest credit on the executive abilities of the officers having charge. The market has been disused for some time, and the windows, shattered by a gas explosion, have not been reglazed.

The floor was hastily swept, and the bodies, as they were brought in by twos and threes, were placed side by side in six long, ghastly rows. the clothing of each was pinned a number, and the Coroner examined the pockets and clothing in order to obtain means of identification. Whatever was found on each body was placed in an envelope, which was sealed and numbered. Few were admitted except officers and those seeking missing friends. These passed sadly from body to body, examining what remained of the clothing of each, and striving to find some clew by which those whom they sought. to recognize The order and decorum of the scene affected even these sad mourners, and not a loud cry or lamentation was heard. It was almost heartrending to witness the enforced calmness with which a wife searched for her husband, a sister for her brother, or a mother for her son. A brother and sister spent hours seeking the body of their father. They passed down each line, the young man's arm thrown around his sister's waist, and speaking only in whispers. There were no tears, or if they rose to the surface they were hastily wiped away. There was work to do; weeping would come with the morrow. Detective Loony searched for a favorite brother. He should know him, he said, by the ring belonging to his lately-deceased wife, which he carried in the watch-pocket of his pantaloons. When the body was found the clothes were burned nearly off, but the watch-pocket was uncharred and the ring was found. Mr. Loony burst into silent tears as he bent over the remains of his brother, and was led away by his friends. A widow inquired for her son. She said he wore a watch and chain belonging to his father; she should know him by that. "Poor boy," she said, "he was so anxious to go to the theater last night, and thought he was going to have such a nice time." Stephen Cram had a gold watch and chain, and \$90 were found in his pocket. A young colored boy had n his pocket a ticket of membership in the Jerome Hopkins Choral Society of the free schools.

As darkness came on candles were inserted in thick slices of turnips and placed one on the upturned breast of each poor remnant of humanity. The oroner and his attendants moved about with candles in their hands, and candles were borne by those seeking to identify their friends. The scene was horribly picturesque beyond description, and will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Toward evening a woman was brought in with two small children, one of whom had been found clasped in her arms They were not identified, but their size and appearance render it probable that they were the bodies of sens Parbel, a servant in the family of William Haldroch, a printer, living at Fulton and Nassausts., who went to the theater with Emma and Dora, children of her master. It was rumored last evenng that her father had shot himself in his despair but the rumor was not verified.

As the evening advanced the crowd in the buildng became more dense, and there was less quiet. ome bereaved women gave utterance to their sor ow in loud cries and wailings, and strong mer obbed in their agony of grief. All through the night the work of identification continued, and it will be many days before all the victims of the saddest calamity which ever befell an American city are recognized and claimed by their friends. Some vill never be claimed, but will sleep in unknown graves; while mourning friends will erect monumental stones over empty sepulchers.

THE INJURED AT THE HOSPITAL.

Only two injured persons were taken to the Long Island College Hospital, at Pacific and Henry-sts. A TRIBUNE reporter called at the hospital yesterday afternoon for the purpose of inquiring into then condition, and, if possible, of seeing them. The superintendent said that their burns were severe and they needed rest; he was unwilling to admit the reporter, saying that many of the injured men's friends had been denied admission during the day. He consented, however, finally that the reporter should see the surviving victims of the great fire. The first was the stage carpenter, Thomas Cumberson, who was badly burned and blackened about the face and hands. He lay on his left side with his eyes closed, but was able to give an intelligible account of the fire. He was at work among the flies when the "cut wood drop" caught fire. Whether a gas jet was fanned by the wind, or whether the fire orig mated in some other way, he could not state. The flames spread so rapidly that he had barely time to escape by leaping from the second-story window, which was broken in his hasty exit. He fell upon the pavement in the alley in the rear of the theater, and was picked up in an unconscious condition and conveyed to the hospital. His limbs were not broken, although he was badly bruised and his hair was completely burned off. His injuries are considered severe, but it is not thought that they will prove fatal. He lived at No. 134 Prospect-st., near Bridge-st., Brooklyn. He has been connected with theaters in the capacity of a carpenter for 15 years or more, and was for a long time in the employ of Mrs. F. B.

The other patient was A. L. Froidevaux, a young man 18 years of age, who was engaged in the jew clry business with his father at No. 257 Columbia st., near President-st., South Brooklyn. He visited the theater on Tuesday night in company with his sister, and they occupied seats in the second balcony on the right of the stage, about five seats from the front. The first indications offire that they observed were some sparks among the scenes; soon the flames broke out, and one of the actors shouted that the theater was en fire, and a rush was made for the exit. Froidevaux was torn and bruised in the struggle to escape, and became unconscious. He found himself at 12 o'clock in the Washington Street I olice Station, without knowing how he came there. The ambulance took him to the hospital. His face and hands were burned, but not blackened, and he appeared quite comfortable. He had no idea what became of his sister, but it is probable that she perished in the theater. His father called to see him during the day.

DESOLATE HOMES. A TRIBUNE reporter learned yesterday morning

floor of No. 361 Fulton-st. had been lost. He went to the house and was shown up three flights of stairs into a dark passage. As he walked up to the door of the room that was used by the family for kitchen, a young woman came running out with arms extended and cried out, "Is that you. Christian ! Is that you, Frank !" On seeing that the face was that of a stranger, she cried out vehemently, "Oh, Sir, can you tell me anything about Christian, or Frank, or George ? They all went together last night to the theater and we have not seen them since, and my father says they are burned up." The young woman proved to be Mrs. Veith. After her agitation had subsided, she told the following story: "My husband's name is Christian Veith. in company with my brother, Frank He. Offermann, and a young man who boards here, named William Bennett, went to the theater last night, and we have not heard from them since. They work at Mr. Oswald's, No. 244 Court-st. Father went there this morning, and Mr. Oswald said they had not been there. As they have never missed a working day in a year, we can't-help thinking they are dead. My husband is 27 years old, and Frank and William are about 18 years old. They were in the family circle, for they never sat in any other part of the theater."

The scene in the apartment was truly heartrending. Frank Offerman's mother was walking up and down the room, crying, "Oh! my sons, my sons," Four little children, the oldest not 10 years old, were cronched in one corner of the room, while Mrs. Veith held the youngest in her arms. As the family relied for their support upon the wages of the three young men, they will now be dependent upon an old grandfather, who is the janitor of the building in which they live, and who probably receives his rent free for keeping the building clean. Christian Veith was said to have had on a large seal ring, with his initials cut on the stone. The other two had neither watches nor jewelry on their persons, and it is supposed that their remains will be unrecognizable.

THE STORY THAT EYE-WITNESSES TELL. FIRST INTEMATIONS OF DANGER-HIDDEN PROGRESS OF THE FLAMES-CONDUCT OF THE ACTORS-

THE SUDDEN PANIC-A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE. From the hundred accounts of Tuesday's calamity, detailed by those who were in the theater when the fire broke forth or by those who, from a securer position without, watched the escape of the fortunate and noted the progress of the flames, it has been found possible to make a connected and generally consistent story. Early yesterday morning the accounts were so conflicting that the greatest uncerainty prevailed as to the origin and circumstances of the conflagration, and persons sitting almost side by side in the theater held opposite convictions. Reflection disproved to the minds of many their earlier impressions, and last evening there was a general agreement upon the main features of the catastrophe. The following parrative is combined from the statements of numerous eye-witness of the tragic event:

A good-sized audience, of which a larger proportion than usual was in the galleries, was witnessing the play of "The Two Orphans" at the Brooklyn Theater on Tuesday evening. The piece had progressed somewhat slowly through the first four acts, nd when the curtain went up for the last act, the hour was so late that the performers continued the representation with increased rapidity. At 11:10 clock persons sitting near the stage in the parquet heard a crackling behind the scenes, as though something unusual were going on, and several called the attention of their next neighbors to the noise. It was regarded, however, as nothing more serious than the repairing of a curtain or the arrangement of a scene. From this moment until the flames appeared, many persons in proximity to the stage recall no suspicious sight or sound, but others aver that the first intimation of alarm behind the scenes was followed by loud and confused talking among the actors and employes, and that although the play went forward, the persons on the stage appearing undisturbed and the audience remaining quietly in their seats, they apprehended that semething serious was occurring. Within two or three minutes a thin smoke curled downward through the flies, and almost immediately afterward a light flame darted out where the smoke had ap-

peared.

Up to this time the audience had remained in ignorance of the approaching tragedy, but behind the scenes there was excitement and alarm. From there a part of one of the flies was seen to fall into a " border light" and to immediately eatch fire. The stage arpenter and his assistant went up to put it out, but while the assistant was reaching out to grasp the fly, a drop-scene caught in the feeble flame and blazed brightly out into the combustible material which surrounded it. Actors and scene-shifters now endeavored to put out the fire or to pull down with poles the burning scenery, and it was at this moment that the audience saw from their scats the smoke and flame. And still many persons to whom the startling scenic effects of modern theaters were familiar believed for a moment that they were witnessing only the imitations of the stage. At this time Miss Claxton, Mrs. Farren, Mr. Murdoch, and Mr. Studley were the only actors on the stage. As the flame darted from the flies, and many of the audience rose anxiously to their feet and uttered exclamations of alarm, Mr. Murcoch and Mr. Studley, advancing to the front of the stage, endeavored to quiet the excitement, and Miss Claxton, almost at the same moment, cried: There's no danger; the flames are a part of the play." As she spoke, a bit of flaming canvass dropped at her feet before the audience. In an instant, panic had seized the spectators, and amid the screams of the terrified and the shouts of those who hoped to preserve order, the crowd, suddenly stricken with dread and horror, surged toward the doors.

A few, whose presence of mind had not deserted them, remained in their seats, believing that the fire was less to be feared than the crush, and the four actors in the scene still standing on the stage called to the audience that there was time to escape. But the instinct of self-preservation had overcome reason, and the struggle for life became fierce and uncontrollable. Even the promptings of affection were forgotten, and men trampled their wives and children under their feet, not realizing what they did. The wonder is that so few of those who had been sitting in the parquet were killed or injured, that so many over whom the crowd pressed toward the doors, struggled again, bruised and bleeding to their feet, and eventually escaped. If the scene in the body of the house was thus appalling, language is madequate to describe the horror of those in the galleries, between whom and safety were narrow flights of stairs. With the first alarm they rushed into the narrow passage from which the stairs descended, but, as the experiences of yesterday prove, only those whose seats were nearest the doors escaped About 400 persons were in the galleries, and while nearly all of these blocked the staircases, the others, for whom there was no room, driven by their fear and crazed by the increasing heat and the approaching flames, crowded upon each other into the narrow space. Those in the parstaircases leading from the upper gallery gave way and fell, carrying all with them to the floors below, which yielded to the enormous pressure and were carried down one after another into the cellar beneath the lobby. The top floor, from which the upper staircase descended, robbed in part of its supports and weakened by the flames which now sur rounded it, crashed down upon the struggling victims below, burying them in its ruins. It could not be ascertained last evening that more

than one person made his way over the heads of the crowd upon the gallery stairs-a lad who could not tell just how he escaped, but said that he did not even once touch the staircass in his descent. Those who escaped unharm were in many instances so overcome with fright to fancy themselves dangerously injured, and their views of what transpired are worthless. But there are many others whose self-possession ret when they found themselves safe, and who rander valuable assistance in removing the wounded their homes and to the hospitals. It was the go that three members of a family living on the third eral conviction of those who had been in the be